"The Wine of Life," by Arthur Stringer, Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, Begins Here Soon

Venus and Mars Meet Again

VENUS is now close to her old flame, Mars. They are separated (apparently) by an angular space of eleven minutes of arc. This meeting of planetary ghosts of pagan deities occurs in house of the Lion.

Magazine Page

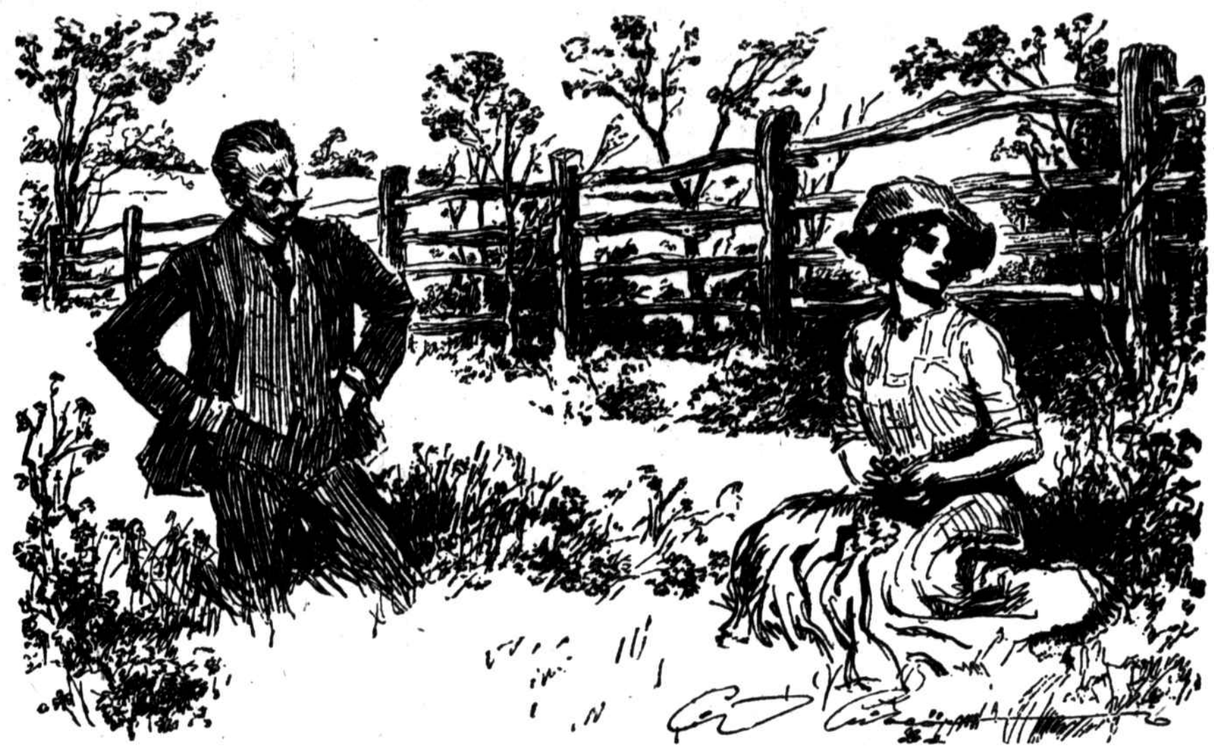
This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the first appearance of Fannie Kemble, in 1829, at Covent Garden. She won a brilliant success, later married an American and lived in Lenox. She died in 1893.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story THE STREETS OF ASCALON Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.



"You Didn't Wander Afield to Pick Wild Strawberries for Me?" asked Sir Charles.

By Robert W. Chambers.

Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"IF you say the word I'll stand by you, Ledwith. If all you want to do is to punish him, murder isn't the way. What does a dead man care? Cut your own throat and the crime might haunt him—and might not. But kill!—Nonsense.

He slid his hand quietly to Ledwith's arm, patted it.

"To punish him you need a doctor • • • It's only a week under the new treatment. You know that, don't you? After that a few months to get back nerve and muscle and common sense."

"And then?" motioned Ledwith with dry lips.

"Then? Oh, anything that you fancy. It's according to a man's personal taste. You can take him by the neck and beat him up in public if you like—or knock him down in the club as often as he gets up. It all depends, Ledwith. Some of us maintain self-respect without violence; some of us seen to require it. It's up to you."

"Yes."

Quarren said carelessly: "If I were you, I think that I'd face the world as soon as I was physically and mentally well enough — the real world I mean, Ledwith—either here or abroad, just as I felt about it.

"A man can get over anything except the stigma of dishonesty. And—personally I think he ought to have another chance even after that. But men's ideas differ. As for you, what you become and show that you are, will go ultimately with the world. Beat him up if you like; but, personally, I never even wished to kick a cur. Some men kick 'em to their satisfaction; it's a matter of taste I tell you. Besides"——

He stopped short, and presently Ledwith looked up.

"Shall I say it?"

"Yes. You are kind to me always."

"Then—Ledwith, I don't know exactly how matters stand. I can only try to put myself in your present place and imagine what I ought to do, having arrived where you have landed. • • • And, do you know, if I were you, and if I listened to my better self, I don't think that I'd lay a finger on Langly Sprowl."

"Why?"

"For the sake of the woman who betrayed me—and who is now betrayed in turn by the man who betrayed us both."

Ledwith said through his set teeth: "Do you think I care for her? If I nearly kill him, do you imagine I care what the public will say about her?"

"You are generous enough to care, Ledwith."

"I am not!" he said, hoarsely. "I don't care a damn!"

"Then why do you care whether or not he keeps his word to her and shares with her a coat of social whitewash?"

"I—she is only a little fool—alone to face the world now——"

"You're quite right, Ledwith. She ought to have another chance. First offenders are given it by law. • • • But even if that chance lay in his marrying her, could you better it by killing him if he won't do it? Or by battering him with a dog-whip?

"It isn't really much of a chance, considering it on a higher level than the social viewpoint. How much real rehabilitation is there for a woman who marries such a man?"

He smiled: "Because," he continued, "my viewpoint has changed. Things that once seemed important to me seem so no longer. To live cleanly and do your best in the real world is an inspiration more attractive to me than social absolution."

Ledwith remained silent for a long while, then muttered something indistinctly.

"Wait a moment," said Quarren, throwing aside his painter's blouse and pulling on his coat. "I'll ring up a taxi in a second! • • • You mean it, Ledwith?"

The man looked at him vacantly, then nodded.

"You're on!" said Quarren, briskly unhooking the telephone.

While they were waiting Ledwith laid a shaking hand on Quarren's sleeve and clung to it. He was trembling like a leaf when they entered the cab, whimpering when they left it in front of a wide brownstone building composed of several old-time private residences thrown together.

"Stnad by me, Quarren," he whispered brokenly—"you won't go away, will you? You wouldn't leave me to face this all—all alone. You've been kind to me. I—I can do it—I can try to do it just at this moment—if you'll stay close to me—if you'll let me keep hold of you——"

"Sure thing!" said Quarren cheerfully. "I'll stay as long as you like. Don't worry about your clothes; I'll send for plenty of linen and things for us both. You're all right, Ledwith—you've got the nerve. "I——"

The door opened to his ring; a pleasant-faced nurse in white ushered them in.

"Dr. Lydon will see you in a moment," she said, singling out Ledwith at a glance.

Dankmere Dances.

Later that afternoon Quarren telephoned to Dankmere that he would not return for a day or two, and gave careful instructions which Dankmere promised to observe to the letter.

Then he sent a telegram to Streisa:

"Unavoidably detained in town. Hope to be up next week. Am crasy to see your house and its new owner. R. S. Q."

Dankmere at the other end of the telephone hung up the receiver, looked carefully around him to be certain that Jessie Vining was still in the basement where she had gone to straighten up one or two things for Quarren, then with a perfectly serious face, he began to dance, softly.

The Earl of Dankmere was light-footed and graceful when paying tribute to terpsichore; walking-stick balanced in both hands, straw hat on the back of his head, he performed in absolute silence to the rhythm of the tune running through his head, backward, forward, sideways, airy as a ballet maiden, then off he went into the back room with a refined kick or two at the ceiling.

And there, Jessie Vining, entering the front room unexpectedly, discovered the peer executing his art before the mirror, apparently enamored of his own grace and agility.

When he caught a glimpse of her in the mirror he stopped very suddenly and came back to find her at her desk, laughing.

For a moment he remained red and disconcerted, but the memory of the fact that he and Miss Vining were to occupy the galleries all alone—exclusive of intrusive customers—for a day or more, assuaged a slight chagrin.

"At any rate," he said, "it is just as well that you should know me as I am, Miss Vining—with all my vaults and frivolous inperfections, isn't it?"

"Why?" asked Miss Vining.

A Hard Question.

"Why—what?" repeated the earl, confused.

"Why should I know all your imperfections?"

He thought hard for a moment, but seemed to discover no valid reason.

"'You ask such odd questions," he protested. "Now where the deuce do you suppose Quarren has gone? I'll bet he's cut the traces and gone up to see those people at Witch-Hollow."

"Perhaps" she said, making a few erasures in her typewritten folio and rewriting the blank spaces. Then she glanced over the top of the machine at his lordship, who, as it happened, was gazing at her with such peculiar intensity that it took him an appreciable moment to rouse himself and take his eyes elsewhere.

"When do you take you vacation?" he asked, carelessly.

"I am not going to take one."

"Oh, but you ought! You'll get stale, fade, droop—er—and all that, you know!"

"It is very kind of you to feel interested," she said, similing, "but I don't expect to droop—er—and all that, you know."

He laughed, after a moment, and so did she—a sweet, fearless, little laugh most complimentary to his lordship, if he only knew it—a pretty, frank tribute to what had become a friendship—an accord born of confidence on her part, and of several other things on the part of Lord Dankmere.

It had been of slow growth at first—imperceptibly their relations had grown from a footing of distant civility to a companionship almost cordial—but not quite; for she was still shy with him at times, and he with her; and she had moods of unresponsive reserve, and he was moody, too, at intervals.

"You don't like me to make fun of you, do you?" she asked.

"Don't I laugh as though I like it?"

She knitted her pretty brows: "I don't quite know. You see, you're a British peer—which is really a very wondering thing——"

"Oh, come," he said; "it really is rather a wonderful thing, but you don't believe it."

"Yes I do. I stand in awe of you. When you come into the room I seem to hear trumpets sounding in the far distance——"

"My boots squeak——"

"Nonsense! I do hear a sort of a fairy fanfare playing "Hail to the Belted Earl!" "

"I wear braces——"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Do You Know the Stars?

WONDERFUL SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

A MAN who has a small telescope at a sea beach, with which he shows the stars—and moon and planets, when they are visible—to passersby who are willing to pay a trifling fee, writes me for aid in interesting the public in the beauties and wonders of the celestial dome. I am very willing to do what I can in that way. A "street telescope," like a public library, is a token of advanced civilization. There are a thousand ways of expending ten cents or a quarter that give an incomparably poorer return for the investment than does a look through such a glass.

It is true, as my correspondent says, that "the beautiful colored stars Vega, Altair, Denib and Spica, also Antares, are very interesting and only require a little publicity to bring quite a number of people to the telescope."

And being "brought to the telescope" will be found by thoughtful and observant persons a very pleasant and profitable experience. I have heard of one or two men, eventually well known as astronomers, whose attention was first strongly drawn to the heavenly bodies by a casual encounter with a street telescope exhibitor. Such an exhibitor is almost as useful, in his way, as was Socrates, who wandered through the streets of Athens teaching people to take thought and notice of commonly neglected and essentially noble things, which when carefully studied proved to be wonderful sources of knowledge and wisdom.

Socrates had no great fondness for astronomy, but then there were no telescopes in his day, and the ideas then entertained about the celestial bodies were not of a nature to attract a mind like his. But, knowing what we have learned about the stars, how would a new Socrates rejoice over the acquisition of so illimitable and fascinating a field for the exercise of man's highest faculties for observation and reason?

Vega, Altair, Spica, Antares and others have been spoken of as "colored stars." This is a fact, though known to but few outside the circle of astronomical observers. The three first-named stars just mentioned all shine with what is called a white light, and yet to the practiced eye they all differ slightly in tone, while the fourth, Antares, is entirely unlike the others being of a fiery red hue, though having a close, small companion almost hidden in its rays, as a fairly powerful telescope shows, whose color is a bright green, as distinct in color as an emerald. Yet both, in the broad sense, are suns, and Antares is a much greater sun than ours.

Then there are other equally beautiful stars, characteristic of various seasons, when the position of the heavens is such as to place them conspicuously in view, the splendor of every one of which is greatly enhanced by even the smallest telescope.

There, for instance, is Arcturus, a great golden orange star, and Aldebaran, whose Arabic name alone awakens curiosity, while its peculiar red color is unique among all the naked eye, if not among all the telescopic stars.

The great constellation Orion, magnificently dominating the winter sky, contains two great first-magnitude stars, one, Rigel, dazzling white, and the other, Betelgeuse, of a topaz hue. The last-named, it will be recognized, is the star recently made universally famous by Professor Michelson's achievement of measuring its angular diameter, from which, by virtue of the knowledge of its distance that had already been obtained, it became possible to calculate its real diameter in miles.

The results of such calculation show that Betelgeuse is somewhere between 240,000,000 and 300,000,000 miles in diameter, or at least three hundred times as great as our sun in diameter, and therefore 27,000,000 times as great in bulk or volume! The difference in the figures representing its diameter arises principally from uncertainty as to its precise distance, but that distance can hardly be less than nine hundred trillions of miles, or nearly ten million times the earth's distance from the sun! Yet Betelgeuse is quite near us compared with some of the other stars.

It helps to fix such facts in the memory to look at the stars to which they relate. If you merely read about Betelgeuse these things may gradually fade from your mind or become misty in memory; but you will never forget them, or cease to wonder about them, if once you have seen the rich glow of Betelgeuse's rays in the focus of a telescope. And the same statement applies to the other heavenly bodies, whether stars, moon, sun, planets or comets. Everybody who can ought to look at them with a telescope at least once in a lifetime.

When a Girl Marries, Ann Lisle's Popular Serail

By Ann Lisle.

Whose Present Serial Has Scored a Big Ppoular Success.

AFTER my eventful first day at Haidane's it was a surprise, as well as a relief, to have the week pass without any further excitement.

By the end of the week I, who had started on Monday with fifteen cents as my total assets, reopened my account at the bank with a deposit which ran well up in three figures. My salary from Haidane's was augmented by a bonus for sewing the Hoadley account, and still further by the rent from my apartment.

Early Sunday morning I went to talk over my affairs with Neal of whom I hadn't seen much during the week.

"I have come to you, Babbsie," he cried, prancing up to kiss me after ushering me in from the door which he himself had opened. "Yesterday the nurse quit me. I'm a big boy now—well and able to take care of myself and return the calls paid me by beautiful ladies. So, had you telephoned, your slave would have leaped upon the magic carpet of a taxi and chugged to your side."

"There's no privacy in a hotel," I replied, "and I've a lot of dark secrets to go over with you."

"You don't say so!" chuckled Neal. "Then I'll lock the doors and stuff the keyholes and phone my ladylove not to call for me till dinner time. You know we're all going to dine at Jeanie's to celebrate my return to steadiness on my pins."

"I'm not," I replied, trying to hide the hurt I felt because I'd been left out. "I haven't seen Dad Lee all week and I can't break my promise to dine with the poor old man."

"You'd dine with him instead of me!" cried Neal in a prickly voice. "Well, I must say that doesn't sound like devotion."

"It isn't—to him," I protested, clinging to my invention of an engagement. "It's duty. I'm going to have a happy morning with the red-headed gentleman I adore in spite of the temper which matches his paprika curls. And then I'm going off to try to be kind to the poor old man I can't love in spite of the fact that he's come half way across the country to get some of the devotion lonely old folks need. Now—have you any further objections, before we take the question?"

From my purse I slipped the bank book with its gratifying entry and with intent of kill, they call it, when Neal had looked at it in astonishment and satisfaction I explained about the bonus which I'd earned.

"You see," I went on, "the rent money which comes in with such pleasing regularity is going to be deposited and left in the bank. I'm only going to check out as much as I need of my earnings. The rent is a reserve fund and so is anything I can save from my salary."

"Well, you sure are all right now," agreed Neal. "And it's silly to argue with you about you not having borrowed from me if you needed it last week. I suppose I should have volunteered."

"You were too sick to think of it and you had nurses and doctors to pay," I insisted. "Now that we've got me disposed of, and you're well enough to stand talking about yourself a bit, I want to return to ick Wett. You haven't even the tiniest suspicion where he is, have you, lad?"

"I have not—worse luck! Believe me, Babbs, I'd feel better if I could lay my hands on the gentleman."

"Why don't you swear out a warrant for his arrest?" I suggested. "You could—for assult don't they. I'd like to know that the police are after him."

"I want to reckon with that gentleman myself," cried Neal passionately. "I don't need to hide behind the law until I've given the dirty scoundrel the drubbing he deserves and have shown him he can't hide up on me and jump out with a gun very often—and get away with it."

"You don't think he'd try again"——

"I know darn well he won't," asserted Neal, with youthful pride, adding humbly: "If I can't protect myself, how can I expect Phoebe to trust her life to me? This West chap bothered her frightfully once—bullied her. He attempted my life. He's swashbuckling around and almost getting away with muder"——

"He's plotting against Jim, too!" I cried. "I must say this much in order to make you realize that you ought to take a more practical attitude toward the Dick West menace than a romantic one of wishing to avenge yourself without calling in the protection of the law."

"How's he plotting against Jim?" demanded Neal.

(To Be Continued Saturday.)

How to Serve Oysters

DID YOU EVER USE THEM AS A FLAVOR?

By Loretto C. Lynch

An Acknowledged Expert in All Matters Appertaining to House hold Management.

WHAT is so delicious as the seasonable oyster? The average housewife knows how to serve the oysters raw, fried, or in stew, but have you ever thought what an addition a few oysters are to the food lacking in flavor?

Take for instance, macaroni. Just when the family is beginning to lose proper appreciation of so nourishing a food as macaroni, try serving this dish: Strain a dozen oysters from their liquor. Place the oysters in a strainer and rinse with half a cup of cold water. The use of much water will tend to wash away the delicate flavor for which the oyster is highly prised. Put the liquor into a cook pot and add enough water to make about a quart and a half of liquid in all.

When boiling, gently lower into it about a measuring cup of macaroni broken into inch pieces, taking care not to add the macaroni fast enough to stop boiling. Add two level teaspoons of salt. Cook until the macaroni is tender—about twenty minutes—adding extra water if there seems danger of burning.

Drain the macaroni and measure the liquid. There should not be much of this. If there is more than half a measuring cup evaporate somewhat by boiling. Then add enough rich milk to make a cup and a half in all. Rub together two level tablespoons butter with one level tablespoon of flour. Add half a teaspoon of salt and a few grains of cayenne or a more generous quantity of paprika or black pepper. Cook this in the milk mixture, stirring constantly until it boils.

Butter a baking dish, several small ramekins or some large clam shells. Arrange a layer of macaroni, a few raw oysters either whole or chopped, and then a little of the thickened milk. Repeat the layers until the dish is filled and all the material is used. Cover with buttered crumbs and place in a moderate oven until the crumbs are a delicate brown.

Folks in inland towns may indulge in oysters even when they are not in season, because they always have access to oysters which the manufacturer tells us are canned the day they come from the ocean with the tang of the sea upon them. A particularly good dish to make of canned oysters is "oysters-anchovie."

Day-old bread is cut into slices three-fourths of an inch in thickness, the crust removed and then toasted until a delicate brown. The toast is buttered and then spread with anchovie paste which comes in tubes. The oysters are reheated in a rich white sauce made with part cream, if possible. The creamed oysters are arranged on the prepared toast.

Just before serving, the yolk of a hard-cooked egg is forced through a strainer and descends upon the toothsome oysters in the form of "golden rain." Strips of canned pimento add to the attractiveness of the dish.

Oysters a la king are among the chafing dish dainties every hostess likes to serve. A thick white sauce is prepared, using part milk and part oyster liquor. A few fresh or canned mushrooms, a little choped green pepper and a little pimento is sauted in a small amount of butter. This is added to the white sauce and the oysters are then cooked in the mixture for a few minutes until the beards just curl.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

MR. ETHELBERT GREEN was a talkative man, he had thought he was bent on expressing; he was chief of the numerous tongue-wagging clan, there was no way of stopping him when he began, so his friends found him mighty depressing. For whatever the theme, he had something to say, though his faithfulness won him small credit, and folks began dodging from Ethelbert's way when they saw he was launched on a speech for the day, and even his family would dread it. He went for each subject with ardor and zest, going back to its first dim beginning; then he talked right along with no thought of a rest till the tired old sun faded out of the west, before he would pause in his chinning. And no phase was untouched and no feature forgot as our hero warmed up to the matter and, whether his hearers were happy or not, he saw that they didn't escape from the spot until he was done with his chatter. Now, had Green only tried on a wiser man's way he might have made folks think him clever; had he cut down his talk to "Yea, aye," and "Nay, nay," he might have been able to lead them astray. As it was, did he fool them? No, never. He was like many fellows, as bright as can be as long as his tongue was not wagging, but when he was started on themes A to Z, he gave every listener a good chance to see how sadly his poor brain was lagging. They are making new laws on our dress and our drink, new laws for our driving and walking! so why not make some laws for this wild missing-link, the talker who never once pauses to think, and make him cut down on his talking?

THE NEED OF WARMTH

By Brice Belden

HUNGER and cold were long man's greatest menaces. Civilization has practically eliminated the former, but the latter still exacts its toll of illness and death.

We may say that a high degree of resistance to infections of all kinds is kept up by good food, exercise, rest, fresh air and the avoidance of prolonged chilling. Particularly when prolonged chilling is combined with fatigue are we likely to have a marked reduction in the efficiency of our defensive mechanism.

Cold is a great barrier to long life, since it plays a considerable part in the causation of pneumonia in those who are middle-aged or elderly.

Now, people get fatigued in the summer time but we do not associate the summertime with epidemics of midwinter which, combined with fatigue, lowers vitality to a point where the germs of pneumonia are enabled to get a foothold in the lungs.

As people grow older they become more susceptible to fatigue and also to cold, which accounts for the frequency with which they succumb to pneumonia, and emphasizes the necessity for reasonable care of the health as regards exposure to cold. "Reasonable care," not coddling.

The breathing of pure, cold air is the best thing in the world for any one. Chilling of the body is another matter.

In case one happens to become chilled a prompt reaction which will probably obviate any ill effect may be brought about by a long, brisk and rapid walk.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

She Is Cold.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

My case is most peculiar. I have been going with a girl about one year, and recently I proposed marriage to her. She admitted loving me and accepted. I tried to kiss her and she flatly refused. I did not insist, but accused her of being cold and unreasonable, and am now in a position where I do not know what course to follow.

I have heard aged people say that a great many divorces are caused by one-sided love. Do you think I should go through with this marriage? I love the girl dearly, and can provide for her, and am willing to do anything in the world to please her, but in case she is real backward about kisses and love in general I fear that we will not be happy. During the year that we have been going out this same girl has always held me off at a distance, not even caring to have me touch her hand. In case she is naturally cold and shows no affection, could it be possible that she might change after marriage?

PUZZLED.

SHE would be a most unnatural woman if she did not care about being loved or being kissed. She probably is very young and does not realize what marriage means, or she may be very reserved. Again she may have been fed or have chosen a diet of silly novels, and have formed false ideas about human relationships.

Patience on your part and a lot of tender wooing may help to change her mind.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

To detect the presence of foreign matter in flour squeeze a handful tightly. If it clings together it is quite pure, but if it crumbles away it is adulterated with chalk or whitening.

If the handles of white knives are discolored rub them with pieces of damp newspaper dipped in fine sand, then polish with chamois leather.

Before grating lemons, remove the small brown specks on the outer peel. To do this, soak the lemons in cold water for twenty minutes, and then rub with a small scrubbing brush.

Never use hot water to wash glasses that have contained milk until they have first been rinsed in cold water. The heat causes cloudy appearance which is almost a cloudy appearance which is most difficult to remove.

An excellent plan when the borders of carpets have worn almost patternless through constant traffic is to freshen them up with ordinary water-colored paints, following the colors and patterns as closely as possible.

Pipe-clay mixed to a thick paste with ammonia and water in equal parts will take most stains out of white shoes, unless they are red. Rub well with the mixture, leave till dry, and then brush off. Repeat if necessary.